

# The Holt County Sentinel.

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## Holt County Sentinel.

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### CATCHING A SUNBEAM.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

THE SUN is always shining in the sky of our lives, and his beams coming down to gladden the earth. But into how few hearts do they find their way. It would seem as if many people loved gloomy shades, and hid themselves, of choice, away from the bright and beautiful sunshine. They carry shadows in their hearts and shadows on their faces. When they come into your presence it seems as if the air was suddenly darkened by a passing cloud.

Mr. Hickman was one of those men who walk, for the most part, in dark valleys, or sit in dreary caverns. Rarely, if ever, on returning home, did he bring light into his dwelling. If there was merry laughter among the children on his entrance, their voices were hushed; if love's light beamed from the countenance of his wife, as she sported with her little ones, it faded away, giving place to a sober, thoughtful, half-troubled look. He always came home bringing a shadow with him, and sat, for the most part, in this shadow, through all the cheerless evenings.

Mr. Hickman was not so stolid but that he saw in this the existence of a wrong. He loved his wife and children, desired their good, and was ready to make almost any sacrifice for them that he knew how to make. Even as he sat moodily in his home, conscious that his presence rested like a nightmare on the spirits of his wife and children, he would say to himself:

"This is not right. I should bring home pleasant words and cheerful smiles."

One day, as Mr. Hickman sat in his counting-room, conversing with a gentleman, a lad came in from the store to ask him some questions about business.

Mr. Hickman replied in a curt way, and the lad went out.

"What is that boy's name?" asked the gentleman.

"Frank Edwards," was replied.

"I thought so. He's a fine boy. How long has he been with you?"

"About three months."

"Does he give satisfaction?"

"Yes."

"I'm pleased to hear it. His mother lives in our neighborhood, and my wife has taken considerable interest in her. She is very poor and in feeble health. She maintains herself by sewing; but that kind of exhausting toil is wasting her life rapidly. Frank is her only child, and the only one to whom she can look for any help. I am glad you like him."

Nothing more was said on the subject, but it did not pass from the mind of Mr. Hickman. He had taken the lad a few months before on trial, and it was understood that if he gave satisfaction, he was to be put on wages after six months.

"The boy is faithful, intelligent and active," said Mr. Hickman, speaking to himself. "If it is so with his mother, he must be put on wages now."

This conclusion in the mind of Mr. Hickman was attended with a sense of pleasure. His heart had opened just a little, and two or three sunbeams, with their light and warmth, had gone down into it.

"What shall I pay him for his services?" said Mr. Hickman to himself, still dwelling on the subject.

"There are plenty of lads to be obtained at a couple of dollars a week, for the first one or two years; or even for nothing, in consideration of the opportunity for learning a good business, in a good house. But Frank's case is peculiar, and must be considered by itself. There is a question of humanity involved. His mother is poor and sick, and she has no hope but in him. Let me see; shall I make it three dollars a week? That will help them considerably. But, dear me! three dollars will hardly pay for Frank's eating. I must do something better than that. Say four dollars."

Mr. Hickman dropped his head a little, and sat turning the matter over in his mind. He had once been a poor boy, with a mother in feeble health; and he remembered how hard it was for him to get along—how many privations his mother had to endure; and yet their income was nearly double the amount he thought of giving Frank. Mr. Hickman had always loved his mother, and this memory of her softened his feelings still more toward the poor widow, for whom an appeal had come to him so unexpectedly.

"Frank is an unusually bright boy," said Mr. Hickman. "He has an apt-

ness for business; is prompt and faithful. I can afford to make his salary liberal—for a boy it shall be liberal. I'll pay him six dollars now, and if he goes on improving as fast as he has done so far, it will not be long before I can make it better for him."

Mr. Hickman arose, and going to the counting-room door, called the lad, who came in immediately.

"How do you like our business, Frank?" asked Mr. Hickman, in a kind way.

"Very well, sir," replied the boy promptly.

"And you would like to remain?"

"Yes, sir, if I give satisfaction."

"You have done very well, so far," replied Mr. Hickman; "so well that I have concluded to put you on wages now, instead of waiting until the six months of trial have expired."

The boy started, and a quick flush of surprise and pleasure went over his face.

"I did not expect it, sir," he said, gratefully. "You are very good."

"Your mother is not well, I hear," said Mr. Hickman.

Frank's eyes glistened as he answered.

"No, sir; she has been sick for a good while; and I'm so glad to be put on wages, for now I can help her."

"Will you give all your wages to your mother?"

"O yes, indeed, sir; every cent, if it was ten dollars a week."

"I see you're a good boy, Frank," said Mr. Hickman, his heart still softening, "and your wages shall be six dollars."

The boy struck his hands together with sudden joy, exclaiming:

"O, mother will be so glad!—so glad!"

As he went back into the store, Mr. Hickman sat quietly in his chair, feeling happier than he had been for a long time. When the sun went down, and Frank came in to shut the windows of the counting-room, Mr. Hickman handed him a sealed envelope, saying:

"Take this to your mother. It contains thirty-six dollars, as your wages, at three dollars a week, for twelve weeks, the time you have been in my store. Tell your mother that you have been a good industrious boy, and have earned the money."

Frank took the little package in silence; his feelings were so much overcome by this additional good fortune, that he could not speak his thanks. But his eyes told what was in his heart, and Mr. Hickman understood them.

There are many ways to catch sunbeams, if we would only set traps for them. Nay, there is no occasion to go to that trouble. The air is full of sunbeams, and we have only to open the doors and windows of our hearts, and they will enter in countless multitudes. But the doors and windows of most people's hearts are shut and barred, as was the heart of Mr. Hickman. How are they to be opened? Just as the doors and windows of his heart were opened—by kindness to others.

When Mr. Hickman took his way homeward, his step was lighter and his feelings more buoyant than they had been for a long time. Though conscious of this, and of the sense of pleasure that was new to him, his thought did not go directly to the cause. Not that he had forgotten Frank and his sick mother; or the glad face that looked into his when he told the boy of his generous decision in his favor; all this was present to him, though he had not confessed the kind act and the pleasant feelings in his consciousness as cause and effect.

There were no sounds of pattering feet on the stairs as Mr. Hickman came in. Time was when his first step in the passage evoked the echoes with laughing voices and a shower of eager footfalls. But that had passed, long ago. The father came home so often in a cold, repellent mood, that his children had ceased to be glad at his return, and no longer rebounded to meet him. Sitting on the stairs were a little boy and girl, of the ages of five and six years. As he advanced along the passage they neither stirred, nor spoke, nor smiled, though their eyes were fixed on his face. Mr. Hickman stood still when he came near where they were sitting, and looked at them with a new feeling of tenderness in his heart. He held out a hand to each, and each laid out a hand in his, but with an air of doubt as to whether this condescension on the part of their father were to be accepted as a token of love. A moment he stood holding their hands, then stooping, he drew an arm around each, and lifted them to his breast.

"Hasn't Edie a kiss for papa?" said Mr. Hickman, with so much warmth in his voice that the little girl now understood that all was earnest.

"Yes, a hundred kisses!" answered Edie, flinging her arms around her father's neck, and kissing him over and over again in childish fondness.

At the head of the first landing opened the sitting-room. Into this Mr. Hickman came with the two children in his arms; both of them laughing and kissing him in a wild, happy way.

"Bless me, what's the meaning of all this?" exclaimed Mrs. Hickman, rising and coming forward, her face aglow with sudden pleasure at a sight and sounds so new, yet all welcome to her heart.

"These little rouses are hugging and kissing the very breath away from me," said Mr. Hickman, laughing and struggling with the children.

"He asked me for one kiss," cried Edie, "and I'm going to give him a hundred."

Mr. Hickman sat down with a child on each knee, and Mrs. Hickman came and stood by him, with a hand resting on his shoulder.

"O, you must kiss him too," said Edie, looking up at her mother.

Mrs. Hickman did not wait for a second invitation.

The old, pleasant face of her husband was again before her, and her heart was leaping with the old loving impulses. She bent down and laid a warm kiss on his lips, which he felt as a sweet glow through all his being.

That was an evening long to be remembered in the household of Mr. Hickman. He had caught a sunbeam and brought it home with him, and light and warmth were all around them. All were happy, and Mr. Hickman the happiest of them all, for he had the sweet consciousness in his heart of having made another and humbler home than his happy also.

**THE DRY TORTUGAS.**—The Tortugas are a group of small islands or keys, as they are called in the vernacular of the country, at the entrance of the Gulf of Mexico, 120 miles W. S. W. from Cape Sable, the extreme southern point of Florida. They are low coral islets covered with sand, on which a few mangrove bushes maintain a stunted existence. The pleasures of a residence upon them are hardly equal to those of Newport or Saratoga, and the solitude brooding over them is like that experienced by Selkirk on his island in the Pacific, except that upon one of them the Government has built a strong fortification, Fort Jefferson, where a garrison is maintained and where the conspirators will probably be confined. It is certainly a secure place of confinement, and comes as near to the idea of solitary imprisonment as possible.

**IMMORALITY OF BOYS.**—The Louisville Press gives the following good advice to parents: Look out for your boys, fathers and mothers, when night comes on. There is nothing more ruinous to their morals than running about at that time. Under cover of darkness they acquire their education in crime, they learn to be rowdyish, if not absolutely vicious, they can catch up loose talk, they hear sinful expressions, they see obscene things, they become reckless and vicious. If you would save them from vulgarity, save them from vice, save them from prison, see to it that night finds them at home.

**VULGAR PEOPLE.**—"Those are not vulgar people," says Dante, "merely because they live in small cottages, lowly places; but those are vulgar who, by thoughts and deeds, strive to shut out any view of beauty." There are vulgar rich men as well as vulgar poor men. Being poor is not of itself a disqualification for being a gentleman. To be a gentleman is to be elevated above others in sentiment, rather than situation; and the poor man, with an enlarged and pure mind, may be happier far than his rich neighbor, without his elevation.

"WHAT DO YOU ASK FOR THIS ARTICLE?" inquired Obadiah of a young Miss.

"Fifteen shillings."

"Ain't you a little dear?"

"Why," she replied, blushing, "all the young men tell me so."

Obadiah left.

**A VERITABLE ANTIQUE.**—The oldest newspaper in the world is published in Peking. It is printed on a large sheet of silk, and, it is said, has made a weekly appearance for upwards of a thousand years.

### NO NIGHT THERE.

There is no night in heaven;  
In that blest world above,  
Work never can bring weariness,  
For work is self is love.

There is no night in heaven;  
Yet nightly round the bed  
Of every Christian wanderer,  
Faith hears an angel tread.

There is no grief in heaven;  
For life is one glad day,  
And tears are of those former things  
Which all have passed away.

There is no grief in heaven;  
Yet angels from on high  
On golden pinions earthward glide,  
The Christian's tears to dry.

There is no sin in heaven;  
Behold the blessed throng;  
All holy is their spotless robe,  
All holy is their song.

There is no sin in heaven;  
Here who from sin is free  
Yet angels aid us in our strife  
For Christ's true liberty.

There is no death in heaven;  
For they who gain that shore  
Have won their immortality,  
And they can die no more.

There is no death in heaven;  
But when the Christian dies,  
The angels wait his parted soul,  
And wait it to the skies.

Correct Transcript of the Sentence of Death Pronounced Against Christ.

The following is a copy of the most memorable judicial sentence which has ever been pronounced in the annals of the world—namely, that of death against the Saviour, with the remarks which the journal Le Droit has collected, and knowledge of which must be interesting in the highest degree to every Christian. Until now we are not aware that it has been made public in the German papers. It is word for word as follows:

late, intendant on the Province of Lower Galilee, that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death by the cross.

In the seventeenth year of the reign of the Emperor Tiberius, and on the 25th day of the month of March, in the most holy city of Jerusalem, during the pontificate of Ananias and Caphias.

Pontius Pilate, intendant on the Province of Lower Galilee, sitting in judgment in the Presidential seat of the praetor, sentences Jesus of Nazareth to death on the cross, between two robbers, as the numerous and notorious testimonies of the people prove.

1. Jesus is a misleader.

2. He has excited the people to sedition.

3. He is an enemy to the laws.

4. He calls himself the Son of God.

5. He calls himself, falsely, the King of Israel.

6. He went into the Temple, followed by a multitude carrying palms in their hands.

Orders the first centurion, Quirinus Cornelius, to bring him to the place of execution.

Forbids all persons, rich or poor, to prevent the execution of Jesus.

The witnesses who have signed the execution against Jesus are—

1. Daniel Robani, Pharisee.

2. John Zorababel.

3. Raphael Robani.

4. Capet.

Jesus is to be taken out of Jerusalem through the gate Tournes.

This sentence was engraved on a plate of brass, in the Hebrew language, and on its sides are the following words: "A simple plate has been sent to each tribe." It was discovered in the year 1289 in the city of Aquila, in the kingdom of Naples, by a search for the Roman antiquities, by the commissaries in the French army of Italy. Up to the time of the French campaign in Southern Italy, it was preserved in the sacristy of the Carthusians, near Naples, where it was kept in a box of ebony. Since then the relic has been kept in the chapel of Caserty. The Carthusians obtained by their petitions that the plate might be kept by them, which was an acknowledgment of the sacrifice which was made by them to the French army. The French translation was made literally by members of the commission of arts. Denon had a facsimile of the plate engraved, which was bought by Lord Howard, on the sale of his cabinet, for 2,800 francs. There seems to be no historical doubts as to the authenticity of this. The reasons of the sentence correspond exactly with those of the Gospel.—[Translated from the Koldische Zeitung.

### Discovery of a Temple of Juno at Pompeii.

Mention was lately made of the discovery at Pompeii of a temple of Juno, with more than three hundred skeletons. Those remains, which crumbled to dust by degrees as they were brought to light, were those of women and children who had been buried beneath the burning ashes thrown out by the volcano at the moment in which a sacrifice was being offered up in the temple to the Queen of the Gods, no doubt to implore her to avert the terrible calamity which menaced the city. To the arm of one of those skeletons, which, from the rich jewels with which it was covered, is supposed to have been that of the high priestess, was still attached, by a good ring, a censor of the same metals filled with incense perfumes. This vessel is of the form of those now used in the ceremonies of catholic churches, and is of beautiful workmanship and inlaid with precious stones. The statue of the goddess is one of the most magnificent relics yet found in that city; its eyes are of enamel, and on the neck and arms, as well as at the ankles, are jewels and bracelets of precious stone of the most exquisite finish and elegance of form. The peacock placed at her side is almost entirely composed of precious stone. The tripod before the altar is, like the censor held by the high priestess, magnificently worked gold. The temple also contained lamps, artistically chased, of bronze, iron, silver and gold; branches of foliage, vine stems, interspersed with flowers and fruit of the most beautiful form. The space around the altar is paved with splendid mosaics in excellent preservation, and the rest of the temple is inlaid with small triangular blocks of white and purple agate. The spot on which the sacrifices were made is alone paved with marble. All the instruments used on the occasion were still lying on a bronze table, and the sacred vases were supposed to have been blood.

**Much Wisdom in Little.**

Keep good company or none. Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets if you have any. When you speak to a person look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very signs of virtue. Good character is above all things else. Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. If any one speaks ill of you let your life be so that none will believe him. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors. Ever live, misfortune excepted, within your income. When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day. Make no haste to be rich if you prosper. Small and steady gains give competency with tranquillity of mind. Never play at any game of chance. Avoid temptation, through fear you may not withstand it. Earn money before you spend it. Never run into debt, unless you see a way to get out again. Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it. Do not marry until you are able to support a wife. Never speak ill of any one.

**KISSING.**—Ladies should see that these rules are strictly observed:

The gentleman should be taller than the lady he intends to kiss. Take her right hand in yours and draw her gently to you, pass your left hand over her right shoulder, diagonally down across her back, under her left arm; press her to your bosom, at the same time she will throw her head back, and you will have nothing to do but to lean a little forward and press your lips to hers, and the thing is done. Don't make a noise over it as if you were shooting off fire crackers, nor pounce down upon it like a hungry hawk upon an innocent dove; but gently fold the damsel in your arms without smothering her standing collar or spoiling her curls, and by a sweet pressure on her mouth, revel in the blissfulness of your situation, without smacking your lips on it as you would over a glass of lager beer.

**RECENTLY** the wife of one of the city fathers of New Bedford, Mass., presented her husband with three children at a birth. The delighted father took his little daughter, four years of age, to see her new relations. She looked at the diminutive little beings a few minutes, when turning to her father, she inquired:

"Pa, which one are you going to keep?"